

League of Legends: Politics 101!

by Monkeyman10526

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Summary: I ship Darius and Lux...piss off. Political marriage and a dark under plot. YAY! Here's hoping it doesn't get goofy. I'm looking for seriousness...or something close whatever works. Rated M for violence and just so i can cover all my bases.

League of Legends: Politics 101!

Ah Politics! The world of backstabbing, lies, and fraudsâ€¦.*deep breath in* Murica

What's up guys I am here with a story of two nations coming together under a frail peace. A tad cliché I know but the idea was too good to pass up. Darius, the most brutal warrior in the Noxus military and Luxanna Crownguard, The Lady of Luminosity as well as Garen's little sister. A prestigious member of the Crownguard and from the nation of Demacia...the place that Noxus is at war with. Politics is a funny thing or minute your enemies the next you're engaged! First bit narrated by none other than Tahm Kench...just cause that voice is so dreamy -w-

...and yes I ship Darius and Lux :3

Ch 1: The River Kings Tale Part 1

Deep in the darkest swamps of Runeterra the sound of a crickets and water moving was all that could be heard as lone figure walked the swamp, knowing full well the tales of the demon. A creature that hungered for the greed of man and the misery it brought. A creature with the gift of the silver tongue and a steel trap jaw. The figure stopped dead and the sound of something large rising out of the water caught her attention. The figure looked over her shoulder and listened as the beast hummed a tune that sounded like the devil himself had created.

"Good day to you ma'am." The creature purred with a large grin. "Now what, may I ask brings a tender young morsel like yourself into my

part of this realm?" The figure turned and looked at him.

"A way to a place only dead men dare tread." She said coldly. The beast just laughed.

"Well normally I'd tell you my priceâ€¦.but I have a new price just for you. Sit there and listen while this ol' codfish spins a yarn about two people, whose lives would change all for the greed of two nations." The large beast said with a eight mile grin.

[Time Stamp: two years prior]

Our story begins at the Institute of War, the meeting grounds of the League of Legends. A place where war is life. A place where the big wigs of the world meet to try and keep outside battles as small as possible. It was a dreary morning for one fellow in particular. This man is where our tale starts. The man's name was only known as Darius, the hand of Noxus. A kingdom with power on their mind and bloodshed in their wake. Darius was just awakening to the new day. The man slowly rose from bed and began his morning exercises. This was just typical for the fellow, as a soldier he had honed his power and his strength. He did twenty sit ups and thirty push ups. After this he donned his armor and grabbed his axe. Darius exited the room and made it three feet before walking right into yours truly. I turned to the man and smiled with a tip of the hat.

"Why good day to you sir. I do apologize for the rude meeting of us. I am Tahm. Tahm Kench." The man just grunted and turned. "Just as stock as I had heard." I said walking away. I was new to the place and had heard stories of many warriors who were around me. None as bloody as Darius's history. Now then where was I? Ah yes. That day was Darius's biggest day. The day where he planned on beating the self proclaimed weapon master's record for wins and kills. He was one away from from wins and thirteen away from kills. All the while keeping his deaths at zero. The man made his way to a large room with men behind desks. He hopped in a line and waited. You see child, in this place we fight for the chance to become greatness personified. A chance of glory a chance to do the impossible. As such we gave our life's too powerful mages who would direct us and command us to fight or run. We call them 'Summoners.' Now to ensure we can keep fighting without dying for good, we put our very person on the line in a place known as the fields of justice. These places were special. Should one meet a grisly end, they would be reborn with a spell. Now this is to say we felt every bit of pain, but we still fought no matter what.

Now Darius had hopped in a line to sign up for a fight. A fight that would affect his overall score. Before he could sign up though, a black bird landed on his shoulder making him stop dead. He looked over his shoulder to see a man with a cane. That man was one of the most powerful men in Noxus. That man was Swain.

"Darius. Come here, we have a summit to go to." Darius gave a slight sigh.

"Allow me to do this and I shall follow." The bird flew from his shoulder and went back to Swain. Darius signed his name and put a timestamp for the next day. He wanted to play this smart. These summits tended to take a large chunk of time from his day. Nothing more than empty threats and hollow talks of peace. If the man had

learned anything. It was that the man named Aatrox was right. Peace was the biggest lie anyone ever made up. Darius exited the line and followed Swain who was already heading out. "Must I go? It is nothing more than Idiots blabbing about nonsense."

"That's the only thing me and Jarvan can agree on. But we have a plan. Not only for peace, but to keep their forces from interfering with out work in other areas."

"So peace is nothing but a door to victory?"

"Exactly but it comes with a heavy loss."

"Which would be?" Darius asked as they approached a door. Outside was a man with elegant armor and a bear of a man. They were Jarvan and Garen. The two looked over to Darius and Swain. The four men glared at each other before opening the doors to the summit. Darius walked in followed by Garen and Jarvan, while Swain waited to shut the doors. The four men walked to their respective side. On the Noxus side was Swain, Darius, Katarina, a fearsome assassin, and Dr. Mundo. Yes he was a bit of a slow witted boy, but he is the smartest man this side of the great river. On the Demacia side was Jarvan, Garen, Luxanna Crownguard and Fiora Laurent, a fierce swordfighter from Demacia who is one of the strongest in all the land. Swain bashed a large gavel down and spoke with a commanding voice.

"Let's get this over with. Before we begin. Let it be know the denizens of the void will not be here today due to a issue regarding Kassadin and Malzahar. Any other things?" He asked getting only silence. "Right. Now then to the business of a ceasefire for the time of three years time." He said getting a slight groan from the room. The only two who didn't react was Garen and Darius. "Stow it! We have worked out a plan for this, me and Jarvan. As such Darius arise." Darius stood up and waited. "Darius per the guidelines of the agreement...you are hereby stripped of all combat roles outside of the institute of war." This made Darius's eye open as well as his anger.

"WHAT!?"

"You heard me."

"YOU DARE TAKE ME AWAY FROM THE FIGHT?!"

"YES I DO! THAT IS A ORDER!" Swain said slamming his cane down hard. Darius would slam his fist down hard and take a deep breath.

"Understood." He said still seething with rage. Jarvan stood up now.

"Luxanna Crownguard. Arise." As he spoke she did as she was told.

"Following this summit you are hereby removed from the Demacian military for the time span of three years." He said making her look up. She released a slight sigh and nodded to this.

"Understood."

"Now then for the proof of the pactâ€¦Luxanna Crownguard. Darius, hand of Noxus. In three days time the greatest warrior of the Noxus and the daughter of the most prestigious family of Demacia...shall be joined in holy matrimony." Swain said putting his hand to his head. Jarvan looked down at his feet. They both waited for the worst. The only sound in the room was Dr. Mundo clapping.

"Mundo happy for two!" He said unable to read the room. Now it might be my fuzzy memory but I do recall that boy Garen trying to cut down Swain while Darius demanded an explanation for what was going on. It was great the misery there fed me for weeks on end. After the summit Darius was in Swain's office 'talking' to the bird man...well maybe talking is a bad word. More like destroying the room.

"RAGH!" Darius grunted as he slammed a chair down. "First removed from the war now married!? Swain explain yourself now!"

"Darius you trust me as a commander. So know this. It is what's best for Noxus's interest. "I have had to deal with a certain witch and a war, but with this I can focus on the witch and a few important footholds." Darius seethed with rage. "Consider it an order." Swain said looking to Darius who slowly turned. "For three years time. You are Luxanna's husband."

"...fine. But make note I only do this for Noxus, and out of respect for you Swain."

"Note taken." Swain said as Darius walked out of the office slamming the door. A large picture fell down from behind him. "Now for Leblanc." He said opening a file.

Things weren't better for Jarvan.

"YOU DARE MARRY MY SISTER OFF TO THAT NOXUS DOG!?" Garen roared at Jarvan who kept a calm demeanor. "What were you thinking?!"

"I was thinking we need some time without Noxus attacking us for some plans. Not every soldier is like you Garen. If they were we probably wouldn't have had to do this." Jarvan said with a heavy sigh. As for lady light, she had been the calmest one of the bunch. The only one not throwing a fit or trying to kill their superior officer. It was at that time Lux finally spoke up.

"Is this for the good of Demacia?" She asked silencing her brother. Jarvan looked up and gave her a nod. That was all it took for the girl to accept her fate. "So be it." While she took it well Darius was in the training room blowing off a lot of steam by sparing with Talon. Now I was there and I gotta say I felt sorry for that boy Talon. Talon dodged with grace only for Darius to land a brutal hit on his gut. Talon dropped from the air and groaned heavily.

"Get up."

"I get that you're mad but why take it out on me?" Talon asked standing up. Darius grunted as he kicked at him. Talon jumped to the side and delivered his own kick right to the man's own gut. Darius grunted and stood up.

"Consider yourself lucky." A voice said from across the room. It was

Fiora Laurent the best sword fighter in Demacia. "He might have eaten you." She said insulting the large man. Darius just grunted and looked to Talon.

"Again." He said assuming the fighting stance. Talon groaned and got ready only for Fiora to get before him.

"Why not fight a true combatant Darius. Or is it true that your heart burns for Lux." Talon just looked past Fiora to Darius.

"Pardon?" He asked confused.

"You didn't hear this butcher has to marry Lux like the good dog he is." Darius kept his rage in check but I could tell he wanted that witch dead. "Well a duel you ogre?" Fiora said only for a blade to be put to her neck. Darius looked over to see Talon holding his blade to her.

"I find your tongue far too sharp for your own good. Tell me why I shouldn't cut it from your head." Talon said a tad annoyed with the woman.

"Talon. Hold your blade." Talon released the woman and backed up. Darius eyes locked with the woman and he just chuckled. It was truly bone chilling to hear that sound. He simply patted Talon's shoulder as he walked for the exit. "Good kick." He said blowing Fiora off completely. Darius walked away only to hear the sound of blade on blade behind him. He walked down the hall and turned a corner to walk right into a large man. Darius looked and saw it was Garen. _Here we go. _

"The butcherer of 1000 soldiers."

"What makes me a butcher?" Darius asked calmly.

"Your brutality on the field? The devastation you have left behind you?"

"What makes me different from you?" He asked only for Garen to grab him and pin him against a wall.

"Don't ever think we are the same." He said angrily. That's when that boy Darius cracked a smile like a snake oil man.

"Even though we are both soldiers who do as we are ordered? Let it be known you have killed plenty of Noxian soldiers. All of whom had families." Darius said with a grin. Garen just looked down a bit and dropped the man. He glared at Darius before simply walking away. "Annoyance." He said walking off to his room. The day was already almost over. It felt like he had done nothing at all. It was one of those days. He just wanted to go to his room and relax. The boy was about five feet away from the door. Only for the sound of a voice that was the equivalent to that of nails on a chalk board.

"Brother!" Darius just groaned. "I have heard the news. Congratulations." Darius simply shook his head. "Aw what's wrong?"

"You. That witch Fiora, EVERYONE! As a soldier I do as I am ordered!

But to marry!? I am supposed to do that without question?!" He said slamming his fist into the wall. Draven just laughed.

"Think of it like this. They say marriage is a battlefield of its own." Raven said with a smile not noticing Darius's eyes glowing red.

"Draven." He hissed out. "Run." He said making the man spin heel and run for his life. Darius grunted and turned around entering his room. _A new battleground huh? Pheh_. The man thought before deciding to pack up for the night.

[The swamp]

The sound of armored soldiers could be heard echoing throughout the figure turned and listened.

"Looks like it's time for a mid story snack." Tahm said closing in from behind. The figure spun around only to be swallowed whole. Tahm grinned a toothy smile as he dived into the water and swam away from the soldiers. The soldiers arrived at the source of the voice to find nothing.

"Keep looking. We find the spy and gut her." One man said turning around and running back. The sound of steps vanished, letting the lullaby of crickets to take back over. The River King gone with his belly full.

End
file.